

**when you kiss me
heaven sighs**

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when you kiss me heaven sighs by pinkhearteyes

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Summary:

Eddie wants to get married. Richie isn't so sure.

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Friday nights are Eddie's favourite.

Richie gets home early, gets undressed early, slips beneath the sheets, right next to Eddie. His hair is usually windy, frizzy curls sticking up in every direction. He wears ridiculous striped socks to bed, and nudges his toes into Eddie's.

Eddie isn't always sure where Richie's been. Some nights, he'll smell of cigarette smoke, and some nights he won't. More often than not, he'll be shuddering when he gets into bed, his cold seeping to Eddie's side of the mattress. Eddie's usual reflex is to dig his fingers into Richie's waist, kiss him softly, ask: "Did you forget your jacket again?".

Richie will shake his head, grin into the kiss. "I left it at home on purpose".

"You're a fucking idiot"

"I'm your fucking idiot"

It's stupid, and cheesy, and ridiculous, and Eddie hates him so much he can't tell where the hate ends and love begins. They walk hand in hand, and sometimes Richie and Eddie will too, Richie's bony hand slipped into Eddie's own, the sun painting the concrete ahead of them golden.

This particular night, Eddie's resting his head on Richie's chest. Richie's put on a vinyl, because he prefers them over cd's, will sometimes talk about it for minutes and minutes, how the crackle and squeak of his favourite vinyl compares to nothing else. Richie's glasses are folded on the bedside table.

They're worn out, and relaxed, loose-limbed from twenty minutes ago when Richie got home and straddled Eddie, pressed down on top of him and wrapped his hand around both of them, got them off, letting out sweet little whines into Eddie's ear.

It's Eddie's favourite sound, the one Richie makes right before he comes. He treasures these whines, these rare moments of vulnerability that Richie lets no one else see. To others, he's Trashmouth Tozier, stupid and loud, and foul-mouthed. He'll declare the nickname proudly himself, cigarette tucked behind his ear, a mad grin on his face.

To Eddie, he's much more.

Richie will rest a hand on his thigh as they watch TV. His laughter during the stupidest scenes will shake Eddie's leg. Sometimes Eddie will smack his hand away, tell him to: "Quit laughing, dipshit". Other times, he'll intertwine his fingers with Richie's, see the curl of his smile in the corner of his vision.

Richie will kiss him often, when Eddie asks for it, and when he doesn't. Sometimes just after he's brushed his teeth, his mouth foamy and minty, and he'll kiss Eddie just for the sake of it, for the sake of Eddie screeching when he gets toothpaste on his chin.

It's been years since their first kiss, but it still makes Eddie's stomach flip. Especially when he isn't expecting it. Like when he was grumpy at the grocery store, on a busy wednesday night, and Richie only smiled softly, put his oranges to the side, and pressed a quick kiss to his mouth in the disguise of the herbs shelf.

Eddie saves all these moments in an imaginary box under the bed, locked, and the key somewhere. Maybe it's somewhere behind Eddie's ribs, or buried in the dirty sand of the playground outside the grey apartment building they live in.

Now, Richie plays with Eddie's hair, humming softly along to the song playing. Eddie nudges his nose into Richie's collarbone, feeling content, and at peace.

Richie giggles a little, and Eddie feels the vibrations of his throat against his cheek. Richie's hand comes up to cup Eddie's neck, twirling a few wavy curls between his fingers. Richie scoots down, to lay with his face opposite Eddie's. He leans in for a lazy kiss, that

Eddie is quick to respond to.

It's perfect, until it isn't.

It's been building up inside Eddie for about a year. They attended one of Richie's cousins weddings, pinkies intertwined during the ceremony. Richie had cried, but tried to hide it, tried to play it off as a casual face-scratch, when he raised his hand to wipe his tears. Eddie had giggled, quietly, to be polite, and leaned his head briefly on Richie's shoulder. The fabric of his fancy, wedding-attending suit had felt smooth against Eddie's cheek, and that's when he felt it.

The feeling wouldn't go away, and it certainly didn't as he watched Richie dance with relatives. He danced with his old aunt with the always-broken hip, and with a child of one of his cousins', twirling her around in her peach-coloured dress.

He watched the couple cut their cake, watched as the husband laughed happily with his wife, kissed her with whipped cream at the corners of his mouth.

Eddie had escaped to the bathroom. He barely knew anyone at the wedding. A few of Richie's cousins recognised him, some of them knew him, and held casual conversations over champagne glasses. Eddie splashed his face with cold water, as Richie walked in, his face flushed and his hair ridiculous. Eddie had fixed his tie, patted his hair back, and Richie had kissed his cheek, grinning happily.

Eddie had thought a scary and big and consuming thought, as Richie returned to the dance floor. He had shoved it back into the corners of his mind, but now it was back, and he was thinking it.

"We should get married."

Richie drops his head back against the pillow, and laughs, quietly.

Eddie didn't know what he had been expecting, but it certainly hadn't been that. His stomach turns, but not in the usual way.

Richie cups Eddie's face, flicks his thumb over Eddie's nose, and

smiles. Eddie doesn't feel like smiling. He's probably looking, openly and angrily at Richie, and he can tell, the exact moment when Richie gets it. It's a bit comical, almost like a cartoon character popped their head into Eddie and Richie's little square, and switched the light bulb on.

"Eds". His thumb is back, rubbing at the bridge of Eddie's nose, and it's somehow worse than if Richie wouldn't have touched him at all.

"Baby". Richie's mouth looks confused and kissable, but Eddie wants to - is allowed to - be angry with him. At least that's what he tells himself. He is allowed to be angry, isn't he?

In reality, Eddie knows he's being selfish. But he wants to be able to take, so used to giving. He can't crave Richie marries him right now, on the spot, but it's something to consider. Right?

"I don't think it's the best idea, Eds"

'Don't call me that' Eddie wants to say, but he stopped protesting it two years ago.

"It's legal!" he defends instead, weakly, and Richie almost looks tired with him. Eddie feels tears burning, hot behind his eyes.

"I know, babe. It's been for a while". His finger's brushing Eddie's brow bone now. Of course Richie knows. Anyone not-straight - and straight too for that matter - knows at this point. America hadn't exactly been subtle about it. Eddie is also aware of how much of a weak argument it makes. The freedom to do something rarely means you have to do it.

"Why don't you want to?" Eddie's voice is small, and it's strange Richie even hears him. Richie sighs, a little, and looks up at the ceiling, like Eddie just doesn't get it. It hurts more than anything Eddie has felt before, broken arm be damned.

"I just- Eddie. Are you being serious about this?"

"Yes". He hadn't intended to take it this far, but he can't laugh it off

and return to normal now. It's too late.

"We're so young, though. We still have time"

It's a valid argument, but a betraying tear slips out the corner of Eddie's eye, and he feels Richie's eyes on him.

"But you don't want to?"

He says it like a question, and Richie knows he should answer. He sighs, and his hand is gone from Eddie's face. There's still an arm tucked underneath him, but it feels mostly forgotten.

"I haven't really thought about it". He scrubs his free hand over his face, snuffles a little. But his eyes are dry, free of tears.

They're quiet, and Eddie lets another tear wet Richie's soft grey t-shirt. He feels almost suffocated.

"We don't need that, do we? You know I love you?" Richie continues.

Eddie is more than lucky to have Richie like this, spread out and hurt and vulnerable in front of him. He can't count on two hands how many times their friends have asked him things like 'What sort of movies make Richie cry?', and 'Does he ever shut up with you?'. Now, though, he wishes Richie would just crack a stupid joke like he usually does. He wants them to laugh, forced and awkward, and fall asleep and fuck in the morning and forget.

"Yeah, sure" Eddie answers, and doesn't look Richie in the eyes. Truth is, he isn't sure why he wants marriage. Maybe he only wants it because he can have it. He imagines Richie with a thin gold band where his fourth finger meets his knuckle, imagines calling him his husband, and his heart throbs achingly.

Richie places a hand gently on Eddie's hip. Eddie doesn't respond to the touch, only looks down at their bedsheets.

Richie slips his hand out from underneath Eddie, and slowly slides out of bed. He tiptoes out of the room, his striped socks shuffling on

the floor. Eddie knows he's going for a smoke on the balcony, but still fears Richie getting up and out of his life. The vinyl has stopped playing, the only sound in the room being the whirring of the player.

Eddie has four different apologies thought out in his head by the time Richie returns, but doesn't dare to voice any of them. Maybe he will, tomorrow. Richie's kiss tastes of cigarettes, and it isn't even a bad thing anymore. Eddie used to frown upon it, Richie used to try to quit, but they both settled down the way things were.

Before they fall asleep, Richie mumbles a single: "Sorry". He's already half asleep, and probably won't remember it in the morning. Eddie tries to forget it in the morning, but can't. He blames himself.

As they sleep, Richie's hand finds his. It's comforting, and familiar, the curve of Richie's palm against his.

Eddie doesn't ask about marriage again.

Author's Note:

inspired by a work by islet on ao3, always a big
inspiration of mine

title is from la vie en rose

i wanted to write something angsty!!

thank you for reading <3